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PORTO RICO



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
BOSTON, MASS.

Publishers' Notice.

The attention of the American public was turned to Porto Rico when Sampson sailed to meet Cervera. As interest in that island has increased, The Youth's Companion has given its readers, from time to time, descriptions of the principal events and conditions in Porto Rico. This book contains selections from those articles which seem to be of permanent value to people interested in our national development.

The Companion's record of Porto Rico is fairly representative of the way in which it treats all countries and all events prominent in the progress of civilization.

But its Editorials on Current Topics are only one feature of the paper. It is pre-eminently a literary paper, with many departments, all calculated to interest and inspire and help in all that is best in family life.

Uniform with this book are published "IN THE PHILIPPINES" and "MID-OCEAN AMERICA," describing the latest acquisitions of the United States.

IN PORTO RICO

A PART OF
GREATER AMERICA.

SELECTIONS
From The Youth's Companion.

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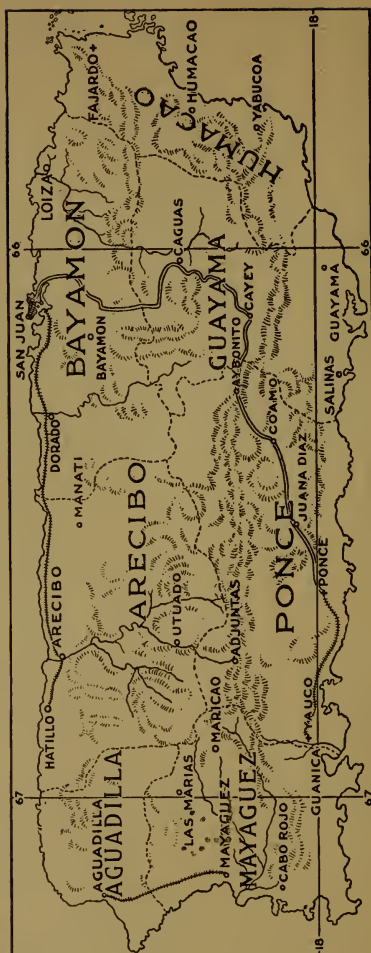
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American Possession.

The first acquaintance that Porto Rico made with the authority of the United States was in May, 1898, when the American fleet sailed along the shores of the island in a vain attempt to meet the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera. At that time our navy threw a few shells into the grand old Castle Morro at the entrance of San Juan harbor, like callers leaving cards as an indication of a future visit.

In July, after the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the surrender of Santiago in Cuba, a portion of the American army under General Miles invaded Porto Rico at Ponce, without any serious resistance. The Spanish forces on the island were so small that they were able to offer opposition only in skirmishes to the advance of the Americans through the country.

A fortnight after the capture of Ponce,

the President's proclamation of peace put an end to hostilities, and the American army quietly took control of affairs pending the final treaty with Spain.

There had been for years a strong feeling in the United States that the people



GENERAL MILES.

of Porto Rico, like the Cubans, wished to be free from Spanish rule. This opinion was strengthened by the cordial welcome given to the invading Americans. The Stars and Stripes were raised on many private houses as well as public buildings, and the holders of civic office gracefully yielded to military rule.

Possibly the beauty of Porto Rico, the productive plantations and peaceful population, and also a desire to get some little return for the cost of the war may have influenced our government to ask for

possession of the island. The prevailing belief that Spain would agree to this was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris.

The United States took formal and complete possession of Porto Rico on October 18, 1898, when the American flag was raised over the palace of the governor-general and other public buildings at San Juan. The ceremony was witnessed by throngs of people, among whom were many of the late officials of the island government, the evacuation commissioners and American military and naval officers.

The event was a noteworthy one in many respects. The acquisition did not have the distinction of being the first our government made by conquest. California was acquired in the same way fifty years ago, but Porto Rico is both the smallest in area of all additions to our national territory, and the largest in the number of people whose allegiance has been transferred from another country to our own.

The change was made without the consent of the Porto Ricans, but there is reason to believe it was not against their



GOVERNMENT BUILDING, SAN JUAN.

wish. Neither is there any ground for fear that the acquisition of the island will ever lead to foreign complications. The island

lies so near the American continent as to be almost a part of it; and no nation has objected to its annexation to the United States.

Nevertheless, the annexation raised for solution a new and very important question, How is this new territory to be governed? The authority given our government is absolute. "The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States."

That is the clause of the Constitution under which all our territorial governments are organized. The system used for Oklahoma or any other may be adopted, even to the total denial of self-government, as in the District of Columbia.

It must not be supposed, however, that the government of eight hundred thousand people, including nearly half a million of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, and three

hundred thousand negroes, hardly one of whom can speak the English language, could be accomplished without political complications and civil disturbances.

Perplexity will probably follow perplexity. Only wise, patient, far-seeing statesmanship will bring this new element of



THE WATER-FRONT, PONCE.

our national life into harmonious relations with our system of government.

There is no fixed principle of international law which regulates the relations of the inhabitants of conquered territory to the conquering nation.

As in the case of most other consequences of war, there is a tendency toward greater leniency than was formerly shown. In ruder times, people who lived in conquered territory were given no choice. They became, in spite of themselves, fully

subject to the conquering nation, and were usually treated with great severity.

Nowadays their status is usually determined in the treaty of peace, although much still depends upon the temper of the conquering nation toward that which is defeated. We have a precedent of our own in this matter in the treaty regulating the relations of the people living in the territory which we acquired from Mexico.

After the Mexican War we allowed them to remain where they were, with their property undisturbed and fully protected by our laws, and to continue Mexican citizens. Their position in that case was the same as that of any other aliens. But if within a year they did not declare their purpose to remain Mexicans, it was assumed that they intended to become Americans.

In the case of Hawaii, this question does not arise, for Hawaii is not ours by conquest, but by the joint action of the two

governments. In the case of Porto Rico, it is probable that the precedent of our arrangement with Mexico will be followed. Such of the Porto Ricans as prefer to remain subjects of Spain are permitted to do so.

They will not have to sell their property or leave the island, and their rights are protected just as if they were subjects of England or France; but if their definite choice has not been made within a certain time, it will be assumed that they mean to transfer their allegiance.

It is gratifying to be assured that the great mass of Porto Ricans have already expressed a desire to be American citizens.



UNITED STATES VESSELS OFF PORTO RICO.

Past and Present.

When the flag was raised over San Juan, it overshadowed one house that, if insensate things could ever awaken to feel emotion, would surely have groaned and crumbled. That was the White House that Juan Ponce de Leon built and lived in nearly four centuries ago; but the White House survived the American flag, although all that is left of the old conqueror himself is a handful of dust in a leaden casket that rests in the Dominican Church of San Juan.

Columbus discovered Porto Rico on his second voyage, in 1493. At that time it may have been the religious metropolis of the Antilles. The wonderful Latimer collection in the Smithsonian Institution seems to show that the other islanders regularly resorted to it. It would appear, too, that the natives, like the Aztecs of

Mexico, had a civilization of their own. They numbered perhaps six hundred thousand.

Ponce de León came over in 1508, and promptly began their extermination. He and his followers took everything the



WHITE HOUSE OF PONCE DE LEON.

people had, and successive Spanish rulers followed his example. They were disturbed in 1595 by the attack of an English fleet under Sir Francis Drake.

The Spanish colonies were then far richer in treasure than in our own times. Immense booty was looked for by the English,

who had received information that a great galleon or treasure-ship, laden with gold and silver, had taken refuge in the harbor of San Juan.

Desirous of capturing so rich a prize, the English admiral anchored off the entrance to the port, with the design of carrying the place by a boat attack the next day.

The rocky headland at the entrance of the harbor was then, as now, crowned by the Morro Castle, which opened fire on the English ships with disastrous effect. One shot entered a port of the flag-ship, and penetrating Drake's cabin, knocked the stool on which he was sitting from under him, and killed two officers who were sitting at the table by his side.

On this occasion, at least, the Spaniards proved themselves by no means deficient in marksmanship; and in the boat attack on the following day they gave an equally good account of themselves. The English assault, although made with the

characteristic courage and persistence of Anglo-Saxons, was checked and proved ineffective. The treasure which had been conveyed to the Morro was so sturdily



SAN JUAN HARBOR.

defended that after three days Drake's fleet withdrew, unsuccessful.

But although the Spanish have held undisputed possession for three hundred years, about the only noteworthy thing they did for the island was to lay out the fine military road that runs diagonally across it, from Ponce to San Juan. Fortunately they could not deprive it of the natural

resources that make it the most beautiful, the most healthful and the most productive island of the Antilles.

Somebody has aptly said that Porto Rico is the only island in the world that is shaped like a brick. It is thirty-five miles wide, ninety-five miles long, and has an area of about thirty-seven hundred square miles, making it five-sevenths as large as the State of Connecticut.

Of its eight hundred thousand inhabitants, three hundred thousand are of African descent, whose ancestors mostly came from Jamaica. There are about two hundred and twenty inhabitants to the square mile, so that the island appears to be the most densely populated rural community in America. When the Spaniards first took possession, it may have been as thickly settled as it is now.

Along the island, from east to west, runs a mountain range averaging eighteen hundred feet in height. Between the

hills lie some of the richest lands on the globe, capable of producing astonishing crops four times a year. The country is well watered, yet there are no fever-breeding swamps and marshes as in Cuba. Nature has been so generous to the land that, even in the cities, people have lived unharmed in the midst of filth that anywhere else would insure pestilence.

Every reader has heard of two of these cities, San Juan, the capital, and Ponce, near which the army of occupation landed. San Juan, on the north coast, built on a long, narrow island from which a bridge runs to the mainland, is a walled city, with the portcullis, moat, gates and battlements of the fortified towns of old. Thirty thousand persons live there.

Although the port of San Juan is not an easy place to enter during a stiff "norther," yet the city is said to have the best harbor in the West Indies. Ponce city and district, on the south coast, with forty thousand

inhabitants, claims a still more desirable distinction, that of being the healthiest place in the island.

Mayaguez, facing the Mona Passage, which separates Porto Rico from Santo Domingo, has a population of nearly twenty thousand; and Aguadilla, Arecibo and Fajardo have each five thousand or more inhabitants.

San Juan and Arecibo, fifty miles apart,

are connected by rail, and in the whole island there are, completed or building, about three hundred miles of railroad and five hundred miles of telegraph. Street railways of a primitive type are found in several places. The largest three cities have the beginnings of telephone systems, and San Juan is lighted by electricity;



CALLE DE CANDELABRIA, MAYAGUEZ.

but the whole island is practically virgin soil for the American promoter.

Porto Rico has no barns, we are told by an American visitor, and the vision of a barnless region, so far as sentiment is concerned, is not welcome. How much the children of that island have lost! No haymow sports; no hidings in fragrant recesses; no leaps into friendly depths of the harvest of the meadows; no rainy-day delights, shared with swallows darting in and out; no memories of such hours to give their pleasant sadness to later years!

American children will regard their contemporaries in Porto Rico as fair subjects for sympathy. A typical barn, duly stored with hay, with children to illustrate its capacity for giving space and suggestion for fun, would be an importation which boys and girls of the island would appreciate, especially in the rainy season.

Life in Porto Rico.

When the American fleet of transports steamed into Guanica Bay, Porto Rico, on July 25, 1898, I think the thing that most impressed us all was the wondrous beauty of the island we had come to conquer.

Close to the shore before us lay a quaint little huddle of white-walled, red-roofed houses, still and deserted in the morning sunshine; while but a little farther inland, to the north, east and west, rose terrace after terrace of verdure-clad hills, stretching away in darkening emerald to meet the wide blue sky at the notched horizon.

During the months that followed we became accustomed to the picturesque appearance of the towns along our line of march, or in which we were quartered, but the hills and valleys, decked eternally in living green, never lost their power of enchantment to the northern men.

For a considerable period after my arrival in Porto Rico I was kept sufficiently busy attending to my army duties, but after hostilities had ceased, and the people had settled back into the even tenor of more peaceful days, I found much to interest me



A MILITARY PRISON.

in a close observation of their most prominent characteristics.

The inhabitants of this island number nearly a million, and of these about two-thirds are white. The

remainder are every conceivable shade of brown, yellow and black. Those of the people who boast a pure Spanish descent are not in large proportion, and form a separate class of extremely aristocratic tendencies. They are well educated, chivalrous and proud; distinguished for a love

of good music, happy domestic relationships, bountiful hospitality, and devotion to the mother country.

Like all other dwellers in the warmer latitudes, the Porto Ricans are bitterly opposed to any work that is not absolutely necessary, and in a corresponding degree are constantly in pursuit of pleasure.

Yet, either because they are easily entertained, or because of their chronic lack of energy, the popular amusements are exceedingly few and rather monotonous in essentials.

No town is so poor that it does not support a band of musicians, and concerts are given twice a week in every principal plaza throughout the island. Everybody goes to these concerts, rich and poor alike, to promenade back and forth for two joyous hours, clad in their best.

In the houses one will always find a guitar, and, as a rule, the natives are sweet singers. The standard of their music is

surprisingly high, and their undoubted passion for it is a hopeful sign.

Sunday is kept wholly as a gay holiday. The churches are well filled at the earlier services, but in the afternoon every one is off to see a cocking-main, or a bull-fight, or perhaps to hold a merry picnic in some favorite grove of palms.

When night has fallen, there are countless formal receptions, dinners and balls;



A PLAZA.

these last are very exclusive and never public. The theatres likewise thrive best on Sunday, but the drama in Porto Rico is in a

condition that needs decided improvement.

The only bull-fight which I personally witnessed took place in a natural amphitheatre of great scenic beauty, near the romantic town of Aguadilla. The arena was defined by stone walls about five feet

in height, and the adjacent hillsides were utilized in seating the thousand spectators. There were but few women present, and these were of the lowest class.

When the bull was led forth, he proved to be a very sorry-looking animal, and disdainfully refused to be worried into anything resembling irritation, although prodded with lances and peppered with darts for almost an hour. At last, in response to repeated calls from the on-lookers, the band played a heraldic flourish and the matador strode majestically into the arena. At sight of this gentleman and his glittering sword, the bull uttered what sounded like a groan of disgust and lay down in despair.

Apparently nothing could induce him to get up again, and so, finally, the master of ceremonies announced that the slaughter would be postponed, as the intended victim was too inconsiderate for proper sport. The gazing crowd seemed to take this

ending in good part, and slowly dispersed, chatting and laughing in excellent humor.

From a business point of view, Porto Rico presents a puzzling aspect. The island is wonderfully fertile in some respects, yielding coffee, sugar, tobacco, vanilla, cacao and fruits in vast abundance ;



TRANSPORTATION IN THE INTERIOR.

but wheat seems to have a very serious time of it in growing, so that flour has to be imported at a discouraging expense. No

one has yet succeeded in raising nutritious hay or other fodder fit for cattle ; with the result that cream is an unknown luxury, milk is thin and blue, and butter comes only in cans from over the sea.

All the more important local products find a ready sale, when once they have reached the market ; but transportation,

especially in the interior, is uncertain and slow, while labor, although amazingly cheap, is unstable, refractory and for the most part dishonest.

Each of the large cities maintains a gorgeously uniformed fire department, but the apparatus in actual use is of the most feeble and antiquated description. One night in Mayaguez, toward the end of November, I was awakened by the ringing of bells and yelling of people in the street.

Suspecting a fire, I hurriedly dressed myself and went out-of-doors, when I saw at a glance that a large building near the water-front was a mass of flames. Upon reaching the scene of conflagration, I found the hand-engines in full operation, under the excited manipulation of twoscore gold-laced firemen, while an immense concourse of townspeople stood near by, their eyes sparkling with enjoyment.

As the burning structure stubbornly disregarded the tiny streams of water thrown

upon it, the efforts of the firemen grew less and less active, until at last they ceased altogether. Then, probably to recompense the assembled taxpayers for their broken rest, the fire-brigade fell into line



CAPTIVATING.

and went through a lively and well-executed series of calisthenics, after which they marched to their quarters, headed by the local band, and loudly cheered from every side.

The young girl of the upper classes, with her flashing eyes and flower-decked hair, is a captivating creature. Although her conversation is seldom brilliant, she can portray whole paragraphs of meaning in a single movement of her dainty fan.

She is graceful, tender and merry, and

nearly always becomes a devoted wife before she is twenty. Her brother is usually good-looking, neatly dressed, indolent and haughty, with a great fondness for fencing, ice-cream and horses, and a knightly regard for all womenfolk.

The costume of both sexes is but little different from the dress worn in summer in the United States, with the exception that the women seldom wear any head-covering, even in the cooler part of the year. Among the poorer people, especially the blacks, one finds, of course, a noticeable simplicity of attire, the fat little children tumbling about in the dust wholly unclad until they are about ten years old, while their fathers and mothers are each content with but two garments, generally of white cotton.

While in Mayaguez, it was my good fortune to be quartered for several weeks in the clean and comfortable Hotel Paris. Among my fellow-boarders were several

Spanish gentlemen, some of them being officers on parole, and the rest clerks or merchants.

Although they knew that I could converse with them in Spanish, as I was at that time an interpreter at brigade headquarters, these men insisted upon speaking nothing but English to me as we sat in the broad veranda after supper; and this in spite of the fact that they were entirely ignorant of the meaning, even in translation, of the phrases they uttered.

For instance, little Señor Ocasio would say, with a portentous frown, "My boy, you are a lobster," and gravely await my reply; or fat Señor Correa would sputter, "I deedn't do a ting to 'im my coal black lady get out of here hot stuff!" and beam upon me for approval.

I could hardly refrain from emphatic disapproval. It made no difference that I explained, again and again, the lack of sense in these remarks; they had heard

the *Americanos* say the words, and the words were English; therefore if they remembered the words correctly, they were learning to speak the language.

Perhaps the worst offender of all was a certain Estevan Castro, who knew but one phrase in our tongue and always greeted



GATEWAY, SAN JUAN.

me with it, no matter where we might meet, often to my extreme embarrassment. "Holá, señor!" he would shout.

"You are one great big liar!" Many times did I remonstrate with him and point out his unintentional insult; he was grieved and penitent and offered me ten thousand pardons, only to repeat his performance at the next opportunity.

The greater part of my stay in Porto Rico was during the rainy season, and at

first I expected to see nothing better for weather than a constant downpour; but I was pleasantly surprised. Sometimes, it is true, rain would fall in torrents for two or three days in succession, perhaps accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning and deafening thunder.

Usually we were let off with a single daily shower of not more than an hour's duration. I have since been told, however, that if I had been stationed on the northern coast instead of the western, I should have learned in good earnest why the summer season is called rainy.

Yellow fever, despite a general belief to the contrary, is by no means a common disease in this island. Indeed, some localities, like Mayaguez and Aguadilla, have not known a solitary case of the dreaded plague for many years. The chief exception to this happy immunity is the capital, San Juan.

Among the insects of the island a

literally prominent place is taken by the cockroaches, for the entire island swarms with them. They grow to an almost incredible size, and crawl about your room and over your person, without regard for nerves or shudders.

As an offset to this pest, however, it may be said that there are practically no snakes, centipedes or tarantulas in any part of Porto Rico, which is more than one would ordinarily expect in a tropical country, and the cockroaches do not bite.

Whatever its faults may be, Porto Rico is a garden-spot that sends one away bearing a cluster of fragrant memories. The perfect sky, the fresh greenness of the landscape, the long, narrow streets, the huge yellow churches, the fountains, flowers and murmuring guitars—somehow these things fasten themselves about one's heart-strings and refuse to be forgotten.

KARL STEPHEN HERRMANN.

Progress.

With a sword in one hand and the healing arts of civilization in the other, the United States moved upon the islands of the sea. The American Tract Society has more than four hundred publications in the Spanish language, and is trying to put two of them, a primer and a New Testament, into the hands of every Porto Rican family.

The progress of Porto Rico in American ideas is encouraging. The inhabitants seem to welcome and appreciate all measures designed to further their social and civic well-being. It is almost pathetically suggestive that a people so long under the domination of Spanish law, in whose methods of jurisprudence habeas corpus had no place, and of whose gracious meaning they were ignorant, should request its application throughout the island.

Much to their rejoicing, the system of

direct taxation is abolished. Under Spanish rule, its workings were bitterly oppressive, and the visit of the tax-collector



FIRST AMERICAN SCHOOL IN PORTO RICO.

was the prelude of cruelty and despoilment. Beginning with July 1, 1899, free public schools on the American plan were

established in Porto Rico. The system was devised by Gen. John B. Eaton, superintendent of schools, to give instruction to all persons between the ages of six and eighteen for nine months in each year, and to support the school by public taxation.

General Eaton adopted a happy plan for a kind of educational exchange. Vessels on government business ply back and forth between Porto Rico and the United States during the summer. Free transportation was offered to public school teachers in Porto Rico who desired to come to the United States in order to learn the English language, and to become acquainted with American customs and institutions. This also gave an opportunity for Americans to form classes for the study of Spanish.

In the autumn of 1899, for the first time in her annals, Porto Rico enjoyed the excitement of a municipal election, and experienced the unwonted legal procedure of a trial by jury. Eleven natives, with one

Yankee to act as foreman, composed the jury, and the result of their deliberations is said to have been eminently satisfactory to every one except the culprit.

The election, although promising as a first attempt, was marked by innocent but somewhat embarrassing innovations. The supervisors became hungry at noontime, and adjourned for dinner, taking the ballot-boxes with them. This rendered the appointing of another election necessary to forestall possible complaints of illegality. These and other encouraging facts show that American ideas and methods are making headway in Porto Rico.

A great step was taken toward the union of Porto Ricans and Americans in heart and intellect when postage between them was reduced to the domestic rates of the United States. American publications began at once to flow into Porto Rico, and correspondence multiplied.

Another important element of union is

the gradual substitution of United States money for Spanish silver.

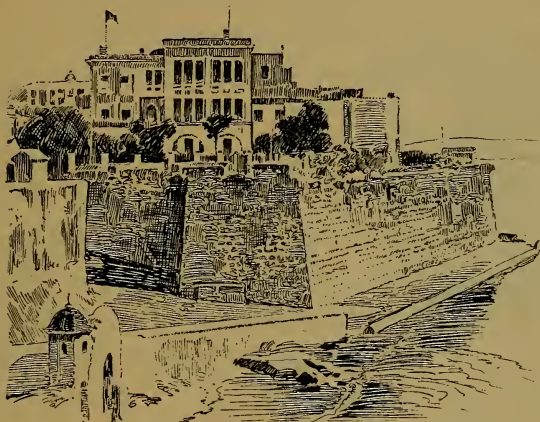
Porto Rico is the first of the new possessions of the United States to receive a definite civil government. The act of Congress went into effect on May 1, 1900.

The form of government resembles that of territories of the United States, but differs from it in important particulars. The governor and an executive council are appointed by the President; a legislative assembly is partly elected by the people. The island will be represented at Washington by a resident commissioner.

The law contains a suggestion of a future enlargement of these privileges through the agency of a special commission which is to compile and revise the laws of the island, and report within one year such legislation as may be necessary to make a simple, harmonious and economical government.

The chief interest in Congress did not

centre in the provisions for civil government, but in the tariff features of the act. It was argued that the island belongs to the United States, but is not a part of it;



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, SAN JUAN.

that Congress is therefore free to provide such a system as it pleases, and that a tariff is necessary to provide for the expenses of the Porto Rican government.

The act imposes upon Porto Rican imports from the United States, and upon United States imports from Porto Rico,

fifteen one-hundredths of the duties imposed on similar goods under the Dingley law, which would be, on the average, about seven per cent. of their value. But more than half of what Porto Rico imports, including flour, pork, agricultural implements and other things most needed, is in the free list.

All the duties collected on Porto Rican trade, whether in the United States or in the island, are to go to the island treasury. Moreover, the tariff is to last but two years at the longest, and may be terminated sooner, if the Porto Rican legislative assembly so votes.

The first Governor of Porto Rico, under the new law establishing a civil government in the island, is Charles H. Allen, of Massachusetts, who held for two years the office of assistant secretary of the navy.

The reception of Governor Allen by the people of Porto Rico was encouraging in the extreme. Inauguration day was a

public holiday, and the streets of San Juan were thronged with enthusiastic citizens decorated with miniature American flags.

Private houses as well as public buildings were profusely adorned with the Red, White and Blue, and everybody seemed desirous to contribute to the success of the new government.

Governor Allen in his inaugural address impressed his hearers with confidence in his purpose to secure the best welfare of the island.



GOVERNOR ALLEN.

He won their hearts by saying, "I am now a citizen of Porto Rico." He spoke most eloquently of their grand opportunities, and predicted a future when every resident would be proud to declare, "I am a citizen of the United States."

At these words those of his hearers who understood English burst into a storm of applause, and when the words were

repeated in Spanish the cheers were redoubled. That this popular enthusiasm was not merely superficial is evident by the graceful and dignified address of welcome to the new Governor by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Porto Rico.

With true statesmen guiding public affairs, with loyal citizens throughout the island, and universal education in the rapidly increasing public schools, Porto Rico may confidently expect a new epoch of self-development along the highest lines of industry and character.

A Fourth of July.

The American newspaper at San Juan, the *News*, had announced that the capital of the island would celebrate the Fourth of July, and do it on no small scale. This led us to wonder if we could not organize a celebration at Fajardo.

At San Juan there are many Americans, and therefore it would be easy to organize a celebration. At Fajardo, which is a comparatively small place at the eastern end of the island, we had less than a dozen Americans, all told. If we were to celebrate, it was plain that we must interest the Porto Ricans.

One of them, a prominent citizen and the former American consul, had been educated in the United States. He responded with enthusiasm when the subject was broached to him, and through him the whole population soon took it up.

We felt that we had to begin with the small boy. We had misgivings, for the Porto Rican small boy is very tame, so tame, indeed, that we doubted if he could raise an old-fashioned Fourth of July yell. But soon our doubts were entirely dispelled.

On the evening of the third the word was passed around that one of the *Americanos* had firecrackers to sell, and before long he had sold his entire stock. The small boy, and the large one, too, became very much in evidence, and proved that he could make a noise as well as his brother in the States.

The Fourth, according to the program, was to open with a salute of cannon-crackers at four o'clock, after which the band was to parade the town, playing American airs. However, the saluting committee overslept, and the band paraded first. This awoke the saluters, and they promptly attended to their part of the duty,

somewhat to the confusion of the musicians, who faithfully performed their part.

Next came the singing of extemporaneous poems by their authors, with guitar accompaniment. All the Porto Ricans are



THE PARADE.

poets, and all the participants in this part of the program, which was a great success, belonged to the laboring class. Their theme in every case was the Fourth of July and the event it commemorated.

One of the poems, taken down during its recitation may be translated: "Monroe said, 'America for the Americans;' and

this is to-day affirmed by a Porto Rican. We are all brothers, let us live prudently, and, united with growing faith under the federal union, let us learn to respect Independent America ! ”

Some of these efforts called out prolonged applause, which was heartily repeated at each award of the prizes for these compositions. The first prize was one peso (dollar) and a flag, the second, half a peso and a flag, and the third a flag. The prize-winners, on the spur of the moment, favored the audience with addresses appropriate to the occasion and devoted to the flag.

At one o'clock the Declaration of Independence was read in Spanish, and some short addresses followed. Then the crowd adjourned to the Plaza to see the races and contests, which were as follows: A sack race, a three-legged race, an obstacle race, in which the contestants had to crawl through two barrels, a mango race

(mangoes in place of potatoes), and ordinary running races; greased pig catching, greased pole climbing, and a contest in snipping with scissors for the girls.

After dark came the fireworks. They were not remarkable for quantity, but were good in quality. They were followed by a play at the theatre presented by native talent. Finally the festivities wound up with a ball, or rather with several balls, the largest of which was given at the house of the American family. The young people literally crowded the house.

We regarded our celebration as a brilliant success, especially in view of its experimental character and the limited means at our command. The first Fourth of July in Porto Rico will bear a shining mark in the annals of the island.

JENNIE D. HILL.

Two Boys in Morro Castle.

It was a great and glorious day for Mark and Chester Gray when their mother received word that they were all to join Major Gray in San Juan, where, after the evacuation of the Spanish troops, he had been stationed in command of Morro Castle, the grand old fortress which guards the harbor entrance.

Mark was fourteen and Chester twelve, and they possessed all the enthusiasm of their years for military matters, although they really knew very little about them, as they had spent most of their lives in New York, while their father had been stationed in the far West and Southwest.

They had been living on the promise that some day they should visit him and see all they wanted of Indians and cow-boys, but the blowing up of the *Maine*

upset their family plans, as it did the plans of a great many other people.

The boys will never forget the weeks of suspense that followed. But the war was over, the major had escaped its dangers, and the boys, with their mother, were to join him where they would meet with adventures far more fascinating than cowboys and Indians.

One of the first things the boys did at San Juan was to gain their father's permission to explore the old castle. Then, under the guidance of an artilleryman, they examined every part of the old fortress known to the Americans.

They saw the Spanish gun which had been dismounted by a shot from the *Harvard* and another which had killed two men on the *New York*; the watch-tower through which a shell had passed, killing the Spanish sentry inside, and the great scar in the wall behind, where it had burst. They climbed up into the lighthouse which

the American government had built after the old one had been destroyed in the bombardment.

They followed their guide into the men's quarters: cool, cavelike rooms in the walls,



MORRO FROM HARBOR ENTRANCE.

looking out over the rocks and breakers far down below. They went down a flight of broad, low stone steps into the great courtyard which now served as the kitchen, fitted with the best of modern cooking-stoves set in convenient archways, with a dozen soldier-cooks at work.

As they mounted the steps again, they met a little white dog trotting leisurely down; a very white dog indeed, with a pointed black nose, who stopped and cocked an inquiring ear at them.

"Hullo, Spigotty!" said the soldier. "I haven't seen you for a week."

"What a name!" said Mark, as the little dog jumped up against the soldier's legs, with much wagging of a curly tail. "What do you call him that for?"

"Because he's a Spigotty pup," replied the soldier, logically. "You see," he went on in an explanatory vein, "we fellows call everything down here 'Spigotty,' and we found this little chap in the fort when we came. We tried a lot of American dog names on him, and all the Spanish ones we knew, but he wouldn't answer to any of them, so we just concluded to call him what he was.

"The Spaniards left here in a hurry," continued the artilleryman, "and I guess

they forgot to take him along, but they must have thought a lot of him. When we tried to teach him tricks, we found that he could drill as well as we could, with a stick, and there isn't a sentry he doesn't visit every night."

Spigotty, having duly sniffed at the newcomers' golf stockings, and having been patted and tumbled over on his back, concluded to approve of the situation, and followed them as they continued their explorations. Both boys were true lovers of dogs, and the halo of mystery surrounding this little furry waif added strongly to his attractions. They determined to cultivate him.

At last the soldier led them into a dark, grim-looking passageway, in which he could just stand upright, and which led up and down, right and left, till the boys were thoroughly bewildered. He finally brought them out most unexpectedly in front of their own quarters, with Spigotty, who had

scurried ahead, waiting to receive them. The soldier laughed at their surprise as they stood blinking in the glaring sunlight.

"There are lots of those old secret passages in the fort," he said. "There's said to be one leading all the way to San Cristobal fortress at the other end of the town, but the Spaniards covered up the entrance when they left, and nobody has been able to find it."

And then his heels came together with a thump and his hand went up to his helmet, as Major Gray appeared and summoned the boys to luncheon. They waited long enough to thank their good-natured guide and to try to induce Spigotty to go with them, but he brusquely started off in a direction of his own.

"Dinner's getting ready in the men's kitchen, you see," explained the soldier, still stiff-backed and at attention in the light of the major's receding figure, "and he knows the time of day as well as we do."

The chief result of this initiatory trip was a fixed determination on the part of both boys to find the secret passage to San Cristobal. Having come to an understanding with their father as to where they



SAN CRISTOBAL.

could and couldn't go, and what they couldn't do, they began a systematic exploration.

They continued it day after day, discovering over and over again several queer passages, which always brought them out at a different part of the Morro from where

they thought they were. But the rumored passage leading to San Cristobal they still had failed to find. Their father was not surprised at this, for he scarcely believed that such a passage existed. ~

But the boys, scorning all discouragement, persisted in the search, usually accompanied by Spigotty, who had always looked wise and said nothing, even when at last they did make a discovery, or thought they did.

On this occasion they had brought their bicycle lamps for the first time, and in one of the old passages they found a spot where it branched to the right. The branching had been concealed by a big heap of earth, bricks and general rubbish piled up as high as the roof. On previous occasions the boys had passed this rubbish heap without investigation, but now they proceeded to dig into it, to the detriment of clean hands and white duck suits.

Spigotty, probably supposing that his

friends were seeking rats, assisted them ferociously, burrowing at the foot of the heap with such vigor that the whole mass soon came down like an avalanche, burying the boys to their knees and Spigotty entirely. They pulled him out by his hind legs and left him to shake himself, while they inspected what the rubbish heap had hidden.

"It's a wooden door," said Chester.

"And very rotten," said Mark. "Let's smash it."

So they pulled and tore at the decayed boards until the ancient, rust-eaten hinges gave way all at once, and two boys and a big door fell in a heap, while a small dog fled as if for his life.

The boys picked themselves up and saw an archway, about eight feet high and wide enough for two men to walk in abreast. It opened a passage whose floor and walls were composed of the most primitive rough bricks, so far as they could

see, which wasn't very far, even with the bicycle lamps. From the dense blackness beyond vision came flowing chilly air which encompassed them in an invisible and discouraging cloud.

The boys stared at the archway and at each other. Finally Mark spoke up resolutely. "You wait here a second. I'll go in and see what it's like." Holding his lamp up, he stepped gingerly within the archway.

But Chester would not wait. He was promptly followed by Spigotty, who now squirmed between the boys' legs, and trotted confidently forward into the darkness. The boys proceeded cautiously, using the lamps to inspect the floor before them. Soon they came to a downward flight of steps, broad and shallow, and greatly worn.

As the boys were descending very carefully, Spigotty came up out of the darkness below as if to see why they didn't

hurry, for he immediately turned about and vanished again.

At the foot of the steps the passage curved to the left and then led them to another door, a massive one covered with strange, rusty bolts and bands of iron curiously wrought. It was slightly ajar, and in the opening lay an old-fashioned mortar-shell.

Mark poked his lantern around the edge of the door and peered in.

"It seems to be a big room," he said, "and I can hear Spigotty sniffing round. I guess it's all right; let's go in."

He stepped over the shell and squeezed himself through the opening. In a moment he called, "It's nothing but a room! Come ahead in!" Chester, edging himself in, stepped upon the shell, which must have been very lightly balanced, for his weight suddenly set it rolling, and off he slid into the room. The uneven floor, sunken a little in the middle, was of broad

tiles cracked and broken, over which the shell rolled to the centre, with hollow, reverberating bumps.

As the boys watched it with some alarm, a most unexpected thing happened. With a quick creaking of rusty hinges and a final grinding, noisy click of locks, the massive door closed. Evidently the bombshell was all that held it open. Now the great old steel springs, aided perhaps by the draft that freshly traversed the long-closed passage, had pushed the door shut.

Neither of the boys could see how pale the other was as, without a word, they put the lamps on the floor and pushed at the door with all their boyish strength. It seemed as immovable as the very walls of the fort, and soldier's sons though they were, the boys were thoroughly frightened. Well they might be! They were prisoners in one of the deepest dungeons of a mediæval fortress, built with the ingenious secrecy of the great days of Spain.

"What shall we do?" asked Chester.

"I don't know," answered Mark. Then remembering the duties of an elder brother, he braced up. "Oh, we are all right, Chester. We'll get out some time, for they'll find the door that we pulled down, and the guard knows that we haven't left the fort." But he knew that the broken-down door was in one of the least frequented parts of the Morro.

"Let's look round," he added. "Where's Spigotty?"

They whistled and called, but no Spigotty responded. The only sound they could hear was the pounding of the surf and the rushing of receding waves.

"He was here when the door shut," said Chester. "I saw him getting out of the way of that cannon-ball. If he can get out of here, perhaps we can."

Searching for an outlet, they found they were in a long room with a high, arched roof. A row of plain wooden benches,

each about two feet wide, stood on stout legs at right angles to the wall, with roughly rounded blocks of wood nailed at the ends. At the foot of each bench, fastened to a strong ring bolted to the stone floor, lay a rusty chain with another ring at the loose end.

"It's a dungeon where they used to put prisoners," said Mark, "and those benches are beds. Ugh! what an awful place to sleep in!"

"We're lucky to have these benches if we've got to sleep here," replied Chester. "But where is Spigotty?"

"Why, there's a window!" exclaimed Mark, who had begun again to search the room.

What he had discovered was a square opening in the wall, about two feet wide, with strong, upright iron bars some six inches apart. Outside of this was fastened a plate of iron, bolted to the wall and held several inches away from the window,

so that it would admit air to the prisoners and at the same time give them no glimpse of the outside world.

As the boys were examining this contrivance, they were startled by a sudden scratching and scrabbling sound outside,



MORRO, FROM THE CITY.

and who should appear but Spigotty! He easily squeezed between the bars and jumped into the room, apparently thoroughly at home.

"Well, I declare!" cried Mark. Then he gave a jump of joy. "Here, I know what! Got a pencil?"

"Yes!" Chester was excitedly fishing in his pockets.

"Let's have it! You hold on to Spigotty! Now what can we write on?"

Dinner was on the table in the major's quarters, and they were just beginning to wonder where the boys were, when a tall sergeant loomed up in the doorway, holding Spigotty in his arms.

"Well, sergeant, what is it?" demanded the astonished major.

"He came popping into the kitchen, sir, from out of a hole in the wall," the sergeant saluted with one hand and held the wriggling Spigotty with the other, "and he had this hitched to his collar."

He handed the major a cuff torn from a boy's shirt and scribbled all over in pencil. The major put on his glasses to read the strange-looking hieroglyphics, and then jumped up.

"Call the blacksmith and half a dozen men, sergeant," he ordered, "with lanterns and tools! And don't let that dog

get away from you!" Then, with a few reassuring words to his wife, he hurried after the sergeant.

Mark had described on his cuff their location as well as he could, but the first passage was in a very old, deserted part of the fort, and it was not until Spigotty scrambled out of the sergeant's arms and went trotting in that the major felt sure it was the right one. The dog led them over the heap of earth and the broken door, and down the steps to the great iron-bound door.

A shout from the major brought from inside a faint but hilarious reply of "That you, papa? We're all right!"

But it was long before the two powerful soldier-blacksmiths could break through the mighty prison door, for only one could work at a time in the narrow passage.

The major went back to report to Mrs. Gray, and returned in time to assist in hauling the boys, in a state of grime beyond

description, through a great hole in the mass of twisted iron and splintered wood.

"The second candle has just gone out, papa," burst out Chester, blinking in the glare of the lanterns, "and we were saving the grease to eat!"

"Well, there's something better than candle-grease in the dining-room," said the major, quietly. "Come up and get a bath and some dinner, and we'll discuss this performance of yours afterward."

"Dinner!" exclaimed Mark, as they walked through the passages, followed by the perspiring, grinning soldiers and the highly self-conscious Spigotty. "Gracious, we thought it was breakfast-time!"

And after all they had not found the passage to Fort San Cristobal, which remains undiscovered.

Some time after their adventure the boys were told by a Porto Rican, who had been employed in the Morro during the Spanish times, and who had heard of Spigotty's

wonderful rescuing performances, that the dog had been the special pet of a Spanish soldier who was always getting into trouble. When he was confined in that dungeon, he had trained his faithful little friend to carry messages in and out of the window unknown to the officers.

"He always brought these messages to the cook," added their informer, "who was this bad man's dear friend, and the cook would send him back with lettuce and garlic for the prisoner to eat with his bread, but nobody knew how he found his way."

"And do you suppose he would have brought food to Americans?" asked Chester, anxiously.

"Surely, indeed," replied the dark-skinned native. "For he, like all good Porto Ricans, is now a true American, my little general!"

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